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CEREBUS

bi-weekly

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reprinting Cerebus number five (1978) in its entirety

January 27, 1989

CEREBUS
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The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

This is one issue that instead of almost finishing the comic book, it almost eliminated the artist and publisher. Things had gotten a bit tight for money and so naturally things got a little rough. Money, or rather the lack of it, has a way of doing that to your life.

But publishers aren't supposed to complain about such things. After all, that's what qualifies us for the game, the willingness to put our money on the line. (However, some of us end up putting a bit more of ourselves on that proverbial line.)

You will be happy to note that you are given a hint to Cerebus's origins in this issue. I must admit it wasn't enough to satisfy my curiosity, but trade secrets are difficult things to pry out of artists. I have a feeling that Dave's saving it for a real smashing story in the future.

Cerebus's adventures are slowed down a bit this issue, which is nice as it helps me to catch my breath. I've never known an aardvark to get himself in so many close situations. But then I don't know too many aardvarks. And I suppose that if you're short and have a big nose you learn to carry a sword with you. (If I had to carry that much weight on my face I'd be short-tempered too) But there are times, for Cerebus, that being an aardvark can mean more than just looking funny. If that sounds like a lead into the story, you bet your booties it is. So read on .....

Denise Loubert

CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark Press, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 1W5. Published bi-monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents © 1978 Dave Sim. Printed by Fairway Press. Vol. 1 no. 5, August, 1978.

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 5 (August, 1978)

This story only has one joke. Cerebus' fur smells bad when it gets wet. Why, you might rightly ask, is this the only joke in the whole issue (barring the phonetic Pigtish pun names)?

Well.

By the time I was finished drawing issue No. 4, I was very happy with what was happening with Cerebus. Issue No. 4 had humour, panache, charisma, style, wit, grace, charm, radiance, subtlety, balance, depth, richness. Contrast this attitude (my view of No. 4 while I was trying to think up something to do in issue No. 5) with the one in paragraph five of my introduction to Cerebus No. 4 (in the last volume of SWORDS -- being my view of issue No. 4 when it was drawn but not yet printed). You see why I'm crazy? Same story, but one minute it's garbage and the next it's a masterpiece. This was very pronounced between issues No. 4 and 5. I was starting to get a grasp of the kind of material I thought Cerebus fans were looking for (there even *were* a few Cerebus fans by the time the fourth issue came out), but I was trying to get an idea of how to do a little less and still get away with it, so this issue was to be a lesson to myself; Dave Sim's First Annual Symposium On How To Fudge Twenty-two Pages and Get Away With It. Concept One was pen lines of varying length and straightness slashing diagonally across the page, with some silhouettes in the middle distance slashed with white paint of varying intensities to create the illusion of driving rain, as well as minor splash lines and effects on the side of trees and in water pools and currents. The extreme background featured two mountain ranges overlapping, done with dark and light fleck tone. It was sort of an experiment in holding a page together with extremely thin black lines and a bare minimum of solid black. This is how things went on page one, anyway. Concept Two was all thin lines, a sudden use of solid black in the middle distance and in the foreground and the alternation of diagonal and vertical pen lines to indicate rain. I was still trying to add a few shorter strokes just to break up the monotony and some use of splashing to show they aren't walking in Jell-o.

By the time I hit page four, we are into Concept Three; Dramatic Fudging and I Dare You to Tell Me So To My Face. Here I am completely without shame. For Five and One Half Pages, the rain looks like it was drawn with a ruler (it was), and the horizon is kept low enough so only the barest minimum of tall grass needs to be drawn. This was followed by Concept Four: If You Liked Vertical Lines You're Going to Love Pitch Black. Fortunately my chutzpah ran out and I couldn't have faced myself in the mirror in the morning if I stuck with the solid black for one more panel. What I replaced it with couldn't exactly be called moral either; Nothing-Could-Cast-A-Straight-Line-Shadow-Like-That Shadows (also known as Concept Five) and Cross-Hatching Till You Could Plotz (Concept Six). The Ending? Well, this was around the time that I got Cerebus' origin straight in my head (Not on your life -- someday I'm going to have it carved on stone tablets and charge everybody two hundred dollars for a peek) and this issue ended on a completely self-indulgent note. A present to me. So you didn't understand it? So who said you were supposed to?

A few weeks after this issue came out, I got a call from Phil Seuling who was our biggest distributor at the time. He didn't like the issue. He said that the first four issues were great, that they had gotten progressively better -- more humour, more plot, better pacing. But No. 5 "didn't help the book. It didn't hurt, but it didn't help." That's the way Phil says things. "It didn't hurt, but it didn't help."

He was right. Number 5 was a throwback to the second issue. A straight adventure strip with a little humour here and there. It was an attempt to create the illusion that the book had its ups and downs. One issue funny, one issue not so funny. A kind of twenty-two page shrug that translated into "You think I can come up with a new Elrod in every issue? What are you, crazy?"

This tied in neatly with the Gil Kane interview in Comics Journal No. 38 that had started me re-thinking the-whole approach I was taking to doing my own comic book. The particular quote that influenced me was:

"The difference between a comic book and a novel is not labor, not effort, it's the values. In other words, there are no meaningful values in a comic book. The people in comic books are two dimensional people going through the most elementary kind of situations, not enough to sustain anybody's interest beyond an adolescent. A novel has characterization, it has suspense, it has a structured situation full of

This is the rest of the **Swords Introduction** for Cerebus No. 5

Cerebus No. 5 (cont'd)

substantial values that will hold the interest of an intelligent person. That's what I mean. Those values, if they're properly translated -- Harvey Kurtzman translated them into comics. His comics were literate, they were intelligent, they were humane, they were interesting, they were funny, they were everything."

"For instance, political cartoons, humor strips in newspapers are written in an infinitely more adult way: they're more intelligent, they're written for adults by adults with adult humor. They're really clever, and they represent adult values and that's why adults read them. Adults read them because, regardless of the fact that they're comics, they're dealing with adult frames of reference. And comic books don't have those frames of reference."

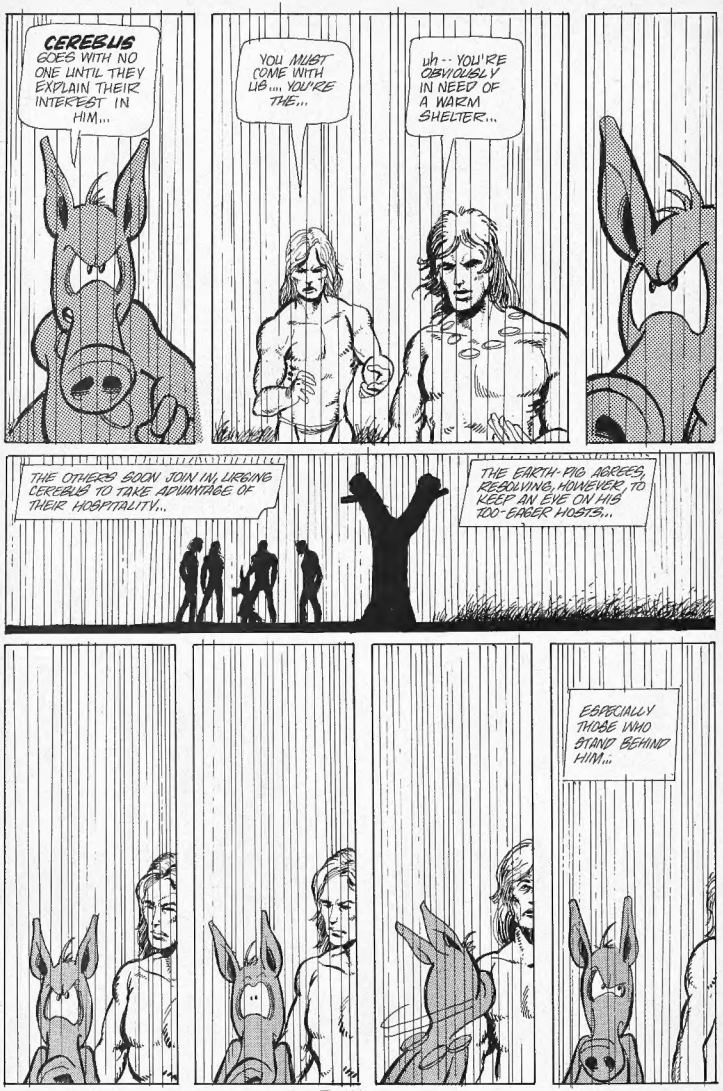
After I finished the fifth issue I embarked on an extremely lengthy process of applying adult sensibilities to each issue of Cerebus, trying to approach every plot problem on as mature a level of communication as I could. It was not easy, and still isn't. But at the very least, I wanted to feel that each issue of Cerebus advanced our cause just that much more than the issue that preceded it. Fortunately, fan reviewers, editors, columnists and letter-writers have an uncanny knack for recognizing an issue that pulls sideways instead of forwards (I knew they were good for something).

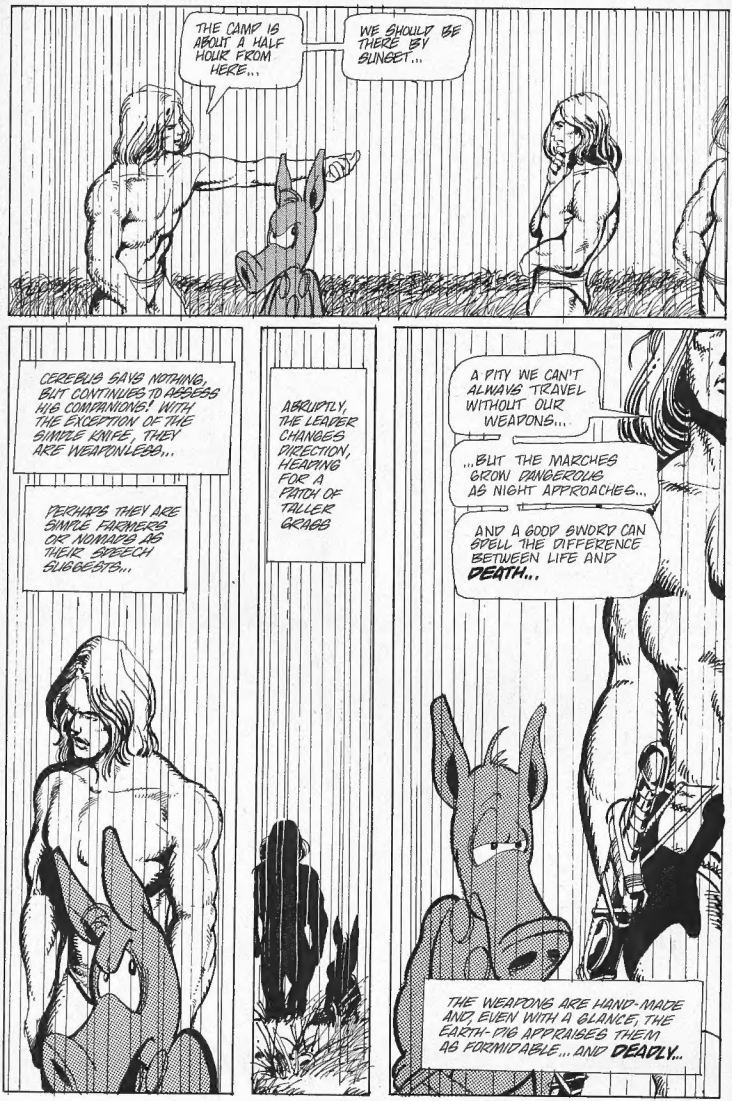
CEREBUS the AARDVARK®

AFTER LEAVING SERREA, CEREBUS DRIFTS WEST INTO THE RED MARCHES WHERE HE ENTERS THE EMPLOY OF TURAN GENN, A MERCENARY CAPTAIN. THE SUMMER RAINS ARE AT THEIR PEAK AND THE EARTH-PIG EXECUTES HIS TASKS AMID MUCH GRUMBLING ABOUT SUB-TROPICAL RAINFALL..

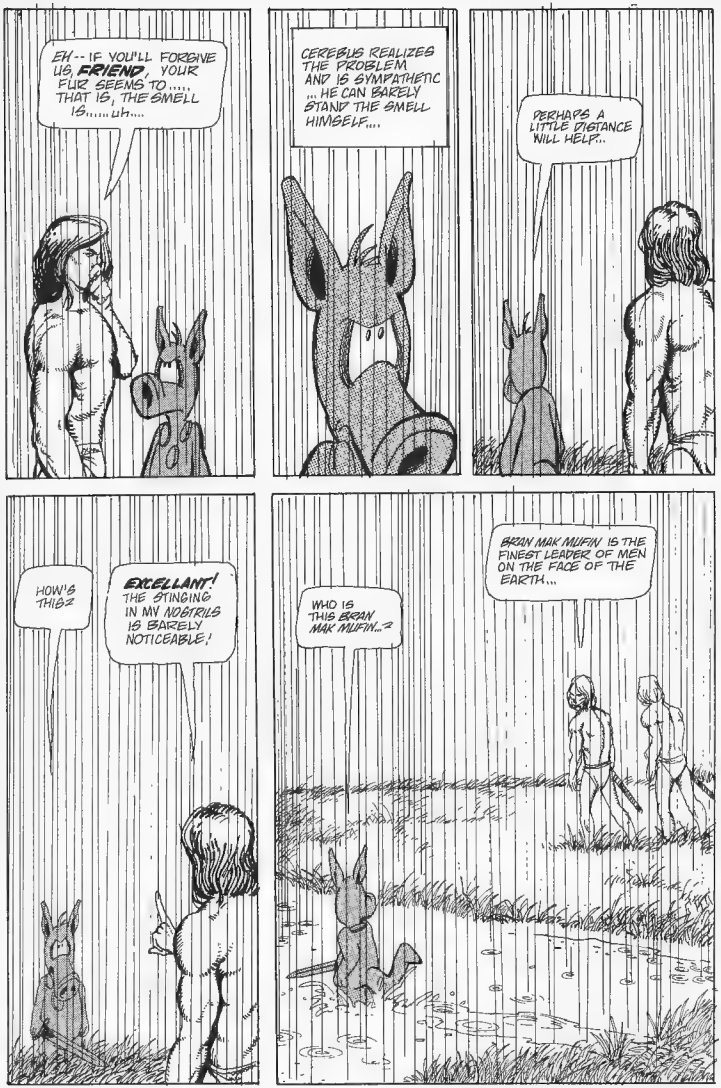
TARIM'S BLOOD! THREE WEEKS OF NON-STOP RAIN! DAMN THESE BORDER PATROLS!
I'D BETTER FIND SHELTER BEFORE TOO LONG...
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I'LL MAKE IT TO THE OUTPOST TONIGHT...
TARIM! NOT VERY LARGE-- BUT IT IS THE FIRST DRY SPOT I'VE SEEN IN THE LAST TWENTY MILES!
GRIMLY, CEREBUS SQUEEZES INTO THE TINY HOLLOW. ALMOST INSTANTLY THE ENCLOSURE FILLS WITH THE ODOR OF WET AARDVARK FUR...
THE SMELL DOESN'T SERVE TO BRIGHTEN THE EARTH PIG'S DISPOSITION...
SOME MANNER OF CREATURE...QUIETLY PARTIA QUA NON

YOU WORRY LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, CROMAG MACS MILC. THE CREATURE IS ASLEEP!
ONE CUT AND....
UNH?
IMPOSSIBLE.
ISHTAR TAKE US ALL!
NO ONE WILL BELIEVE US! NO ONE!
WE MUST TAKE HIM TO BRIAN MAC MUFFIN!
ALTHOUGH THE EARTH-PIG IS WELL USED TO THE REACTIONS OF MEN TO HIS APPEARANCE...
...THERE IS SOMETHING DISTURBING IN THE SAVAGES' ASTONISHMENT.!

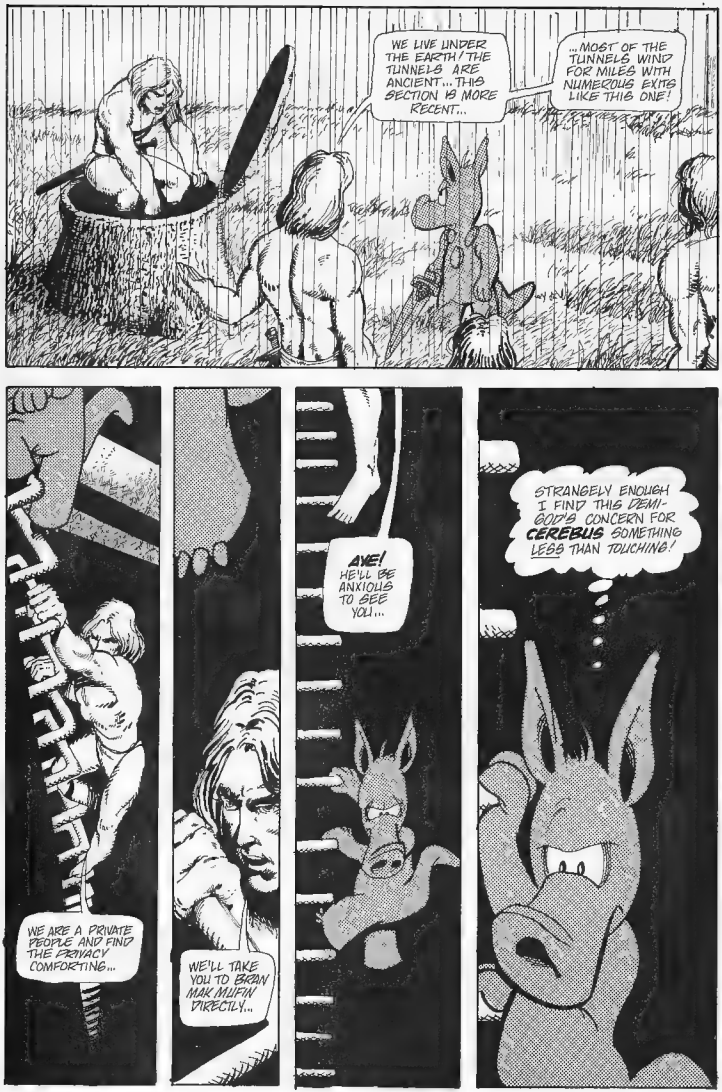

CEREBUS GOES WITH NO ONE UNTIL THEY EXPLAIN THEIR INTEREST IN HIM...
YOU MUST COME WITH US... YOU'RE THE...
uh -- YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY IN NEED OF A WARM SHELTER...
THE OTHERS SOON JOIN IN, URGING CEREBUS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR HOSPITALITY...
THE EARTH-PIG AGREES, RESOLVING, HOWEVER, TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIS TOO-EAGER HOSTS...
ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO STAND BEHIND HIM...


THE CAMP IS ABOUT A HALF HOUR FROM HERE...
WE SHOULD BE THERE BY SUNSET...
CEREBUS SAYS NOTHING, BUT CONTINUES TO ASSESS HIS COMPANIONS! WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE SINGLE KNIFE, THEY ARE WEAPONLESS...
PERHAPS THEY ARE SIMPLE FARMERS OR NOMADS AS THEIR SPEECH SUGGESTS...
ABRUPTLY, THE LEADER CHANGES DIRECTION, HEADING FOR A PATCH OF TALLER GRASS
A PITY WE CAN'T ALWAYS TRAVEL WITHOUT OUR WEAPONS...
...BUT THE MARCHES GROW DANGEROUS AS NIGHT APPROACHES...
AND A GOOD SWORD CAN SPELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...
THE WEAPONS ARE HAND-MADE AND, EVEN WITH A GLANCE, THE EARTH-DIG APPRAISES THEM AS FORMIDABLE... AND DEADLY...

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT SMELL, CROMAG?
AYE—THE PLAINS DWELLERS MUST BE BURNING THEIR CEREMONIAL SKUNKS AGAIN...
NAY-- THE SMELL IS RICHER THAN THAT...
...THE SMELL OF A THOUSAND DUNG WORMS MATING IN THE NOON SUN...
WE SHOULD TRY AND FIND THE SOURCE OF THE ODOUR...
IT MAY BE SORCERY ...OR A NEW PLAGUE!
DAMNED INSECTS!
MAKES ME LONG FOR THE WINTERS IN THE NORTH...!
UNWITTINGLY, CANDI TO HIS INSTANT REGRET) ONE OF THE MEN PASSES WITHIN RANGE OF THE EARTH-PIG'S SWEEPING GESTURE...
EAUGH!
ASHTOTH DESSOUS ME....


EH-- IF YOU'LL FORGIVE US, FRIEND, YOUR FUR SEEMS TO..... THAT IS, THE SMELL IS.....UH....
CEREBUS REALIZES THE PROBLEM AND IS SYMPATHETIC ...HE CAN BARELY STAND THE SMELL HIMSELF....
PERHAPS A LITTLE DISTANCE WILL HELP...
HOW'S THIS?
EXCELLANT! THE STINGING IN MY NOSTRILS IS BARELY NOTICEABLE!
WHO IS THIS BRIAN MAK MUFIN...?
BRIAN MAK MUFIN IS THE FINEST LEADER OF MEN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH....

HE IS A TACTICIAN WITHOUT PEER... AN ARTIST WHEN IT COMES TO DEFENDING OR ATTACKING...
...ALSO, HE IS THE PENULTIMATE SWORDSMAN! HE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO EMASCULATE FLIES IN MID-AIR...
... A SLAYER OF KINGS AND THE KING OF KINGS HIMSELF!
HE CAN REPAIR A BROKEN LIMB WITH BUT A GLANCE ...HE MAKES THE BLIND SIGHTED--THE WEAK, STRONG...
ALL HAIL BRAN MAK MUFIN!!
...HE ALSO MAKES THE FINEST BOREALAN COLE SLAW WEST OF THE SOFIM...


WE LIVE UNDER THE EARTH / THE TUNNELS ARE ANCIENT... THIS SECTION IS MORE RECENT...
...MOST OF THE TUNNELS WIND FOR MILES WITH NUMEROUS EXITS LIKE THIS ONE!
WE ARE A PRIVATE PEOPLE AND FIND THE PRIVACY COMFORTING...
WE'LL TAKE YOU TO BRIAN MAK MUFFIN DIRECTLY...
AVE! HE'LL BE ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU...
STRANGELY ENOUGH I FIND THIS DEMI-GOD'S CONCERN FOR CEREBUS SOMETHING LESS THAN TOUCHING!

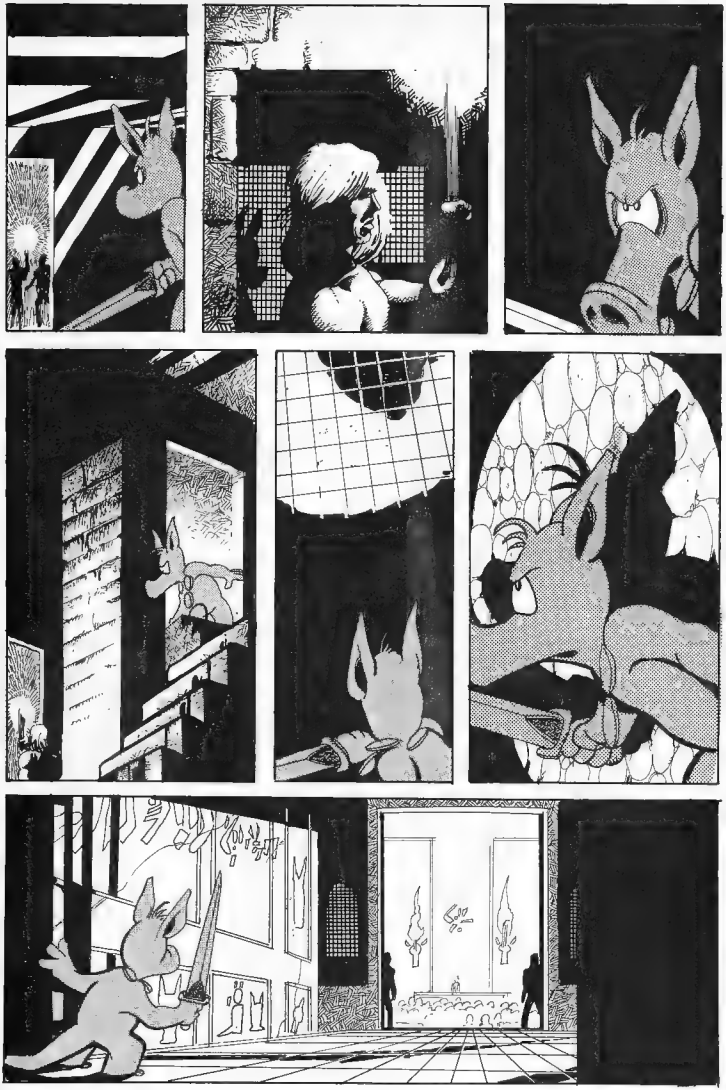
WE HAVE RETURNED FROM MAC MUCK AND WISH TO SEE BRAN MAK MUFIN
HAIL MAK MUFIN AND PASS ....
HMMM! SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE'S LOIN-CLOTH IS ON FIRE....
BY YOUR LEAVE, O STAR OF THE EAST!
NOT NOW, IDIOT! I'M UP TO MY KNEES IN RAIN-WATER, THE FOOD SUPPLIES ARE DANGEROUSLY LOW...
AND FROM THE SMELL OF THINGS ....
I WOULD GUESS THAT THE CESSPOOL IS DRAINING INTO THE AIR VENTS AGAIN

BUT... MOST REVERED LEADER-- I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A..... GUEST...!
GUEST!? FIRST YOU INTERRUPT MY REVERIE AND NOW YOU TELL ME YOU'VE BROUGHT A... BROUGHT... A
*
ASHTOTH'S VISAGE! THAT BRAN MAK MUFIN SHOULD HAVE LIVED TO SEE.... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM...?
WHERE?
NEVER MIND!...
JUST LEAVE US ALONE TO TALK....

YOU ARE NO DOUBT CURIOUS ABOUT THIS SET-UP...
A DRINK FIRST, AND THEN I'LL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS!
PHIST
FERMENTED GOAT'S BLOOD! IT TAKES A WHILE TO GET USED TO THE AFTER-TASTE...
CEREBUS WOULD SOONER GET USED TO RAT POISON!...
THOUGH YOU SPEAK A FLUENT CONNIPTIN DIALECT, I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR...
WE ARE THE PIGTS...
...AN ANCIENT AND FEARED RACE
WE ARE AVENGERS OF THE MEEK, THE RECALCITRANT, THE SCARED, THE DUBIOUS AND THE OPPRESSED. WE EXIST ONLY TO TOPPLE THE EMPIRE...
WHICH EMPIRE?
ANY EMPIRE-- YOU NAME IT AND WE'VE TOPPLED IT... THE REDEEMER DYNASTY, THE EASTERN MONOLITHS, THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE...

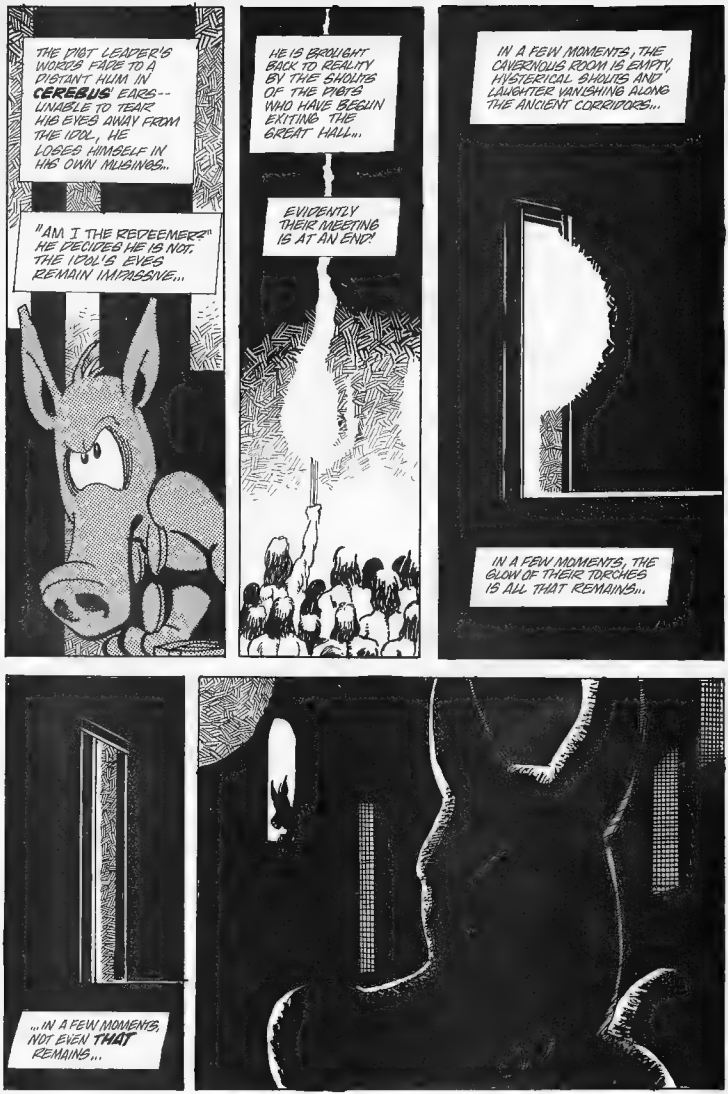
RIGHT NOW WE'RE WORKING ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE OF TOPPLING THE DEHRSION MONARCHY ...BUT I HOPE TO GET TO THE BOREALANS WITHIN A DECADE...
YOU MUST HAVE ORGANIZED A TRULY FORMIDABLE FIGHTING FORCE...
HOW MANY MEN DO YOU HAVE UNDER YOUR COMMAND?
I COMMAND AN ELITE GROUP OF FIFTY ARMED WARRIORS
A LOT OF THEM ARE ARMED WITH SWORDS, TOO...
THE PHRASE "PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR" IS NOT IN THE AARDVARK'S VOCABULARY, SO, IN HIS MIND, HE SUBSTITUTES "CRAZY AS A PANROVIAN MONK..."
NOW I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU...
WHAT... ARE YOU?
CEREBUS DOES NOT TURN, HE REALIZES BERAN MAC MUFFIN IS INTERESTED IN THE ANSWER. FOR WHAT REASON? HE IS UNABLE TO GUESS....
I AM CEREBUS, AN EARTH-PIG BORN...

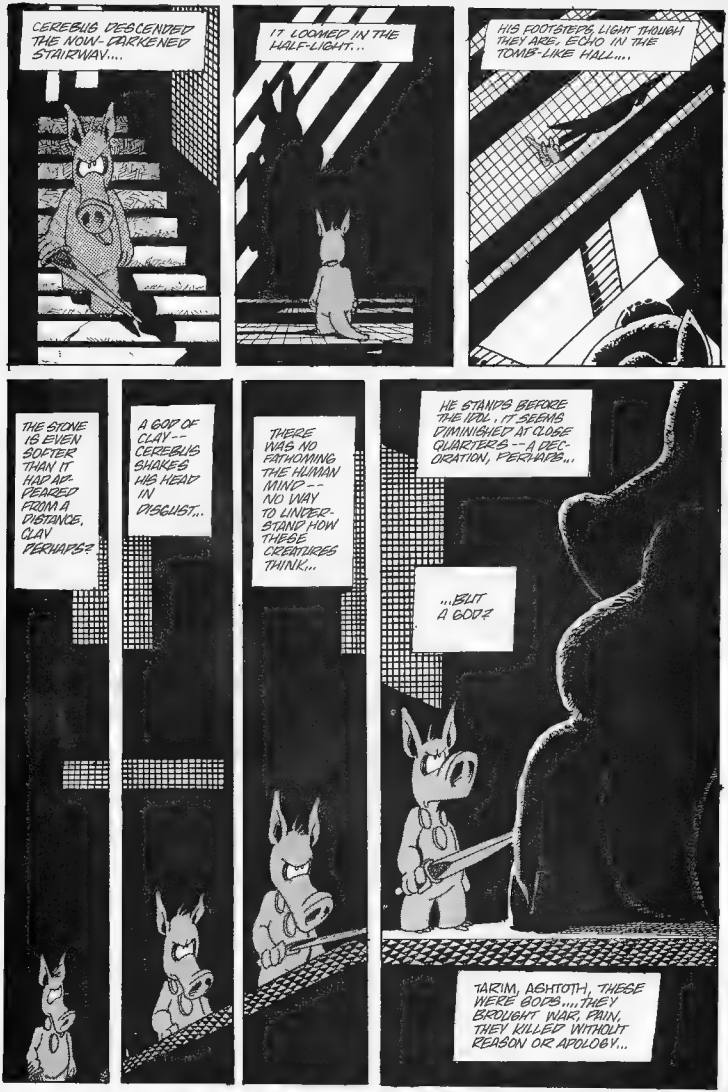
HOW OLD ARE YOU?
GUESS.
YOU'RE TWENTY-SIX....
...AREN'T YOU?
YOU LOOK TIRED. COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR BED. WE CAN TALK AGAIN TOMORROW....
THOUGH THE BED IS SOFTER THAN ANY HE HAS SEEN IN COUNTLESS MONTHS....
CEREBUS IS UNABLE TO SLEEP....
HE IS DISTURBED BY HIS BRIEF MEETING WITH....
THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD HAVE DISMISSED THE SOUND AS A "BUMP IN THE NIGHT"...
HOWEVER, WHEN YOUR LIFE HAS OFTEN HINGED ON A RANDOM SOUND...
...YOU LEARN TO ASSESS EACH SOUND WITH YOUR INSTINCTS AND INTUITION....



HMMM! SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE BROUGHT A DEAD GOAT WITH THEM...
THE CHANTING IS LOUDER NOW! THE ANCIENT AND CRUMBLING THEATRE SEEMS TO HUM WITH UNSEEN ENERGY...
BRAN MAK MUFIN! WHY WOULD HE CALL A MEETING AT NIGHT?
....TIME WE HAVE AWAITED IS AT HAND...
OUR REDEEMER WALKS AMONG US.."IN HIS TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR HE SHALL COME TO US..."
UHH?
FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, THE PICTS HAVE BEEN WITHOUT THEIR GOD-KING....
NOW, HE HAS BEEN RESTORED NOW, EMPIRES WILL BE TRAMPLED BENEATH OUR FEET...
NOW WE NEED NO LONGER CONTENT OURSELVES WITH AN IDOL IN HIS IMAGE!
ALL HAIL!
ALL HAIL!!
ALL HAIL!!
ALL HAIL!!
TARIM!

IT WAS PERHAPS FIFTEEN FEET TALL, MADE OF SOME KIND OF SOFT GREY STONE! BRAN MAK MUFIN'S INTEREST IN HIM WAS NOW EASILY UNDERSTOOD-- THE RESEMBLANCE WAS ASTOUNDING!
SOME KIND OF PREDICTION HAD BEEN FULFILLED BY THE EARTH-PIG'S ARRIVAL IN THE RED MARCHES, CEREBUS REALIZED...
BRAN MAK MUFIN SAW HIM AS THE REINCARNATION OF SOME GOD-KING FROM THE DISTANT PAST....
"AND THE PIGTS OF MANY LANDS WILL FOLLOW AND DEVASTATION WILL BE THE LOT OF THE UNBELIEVERS....
"FOLLOW HIM, O SONS OF THE PIG, FOR VENGEANCE WILL BE YOURS!"


THE DIOT LEADER'S WORDS FADE TO A DISTANT HUM IN CEREBUS' EARS-- UNABLE TO TEAR HIS EYES AWAY FROM THE IDOL, HE LOSES HIMSELF IN HIS OWN MUSINGS..
"AM I THE REDEEMER?" HE DECIDES HE IS NOT. THE IDOL'S EYES REMAIN IMPASSIVE...
HE IS BROUGHT BACK TO REALITY BY THE SHOUTS OF THE DIOTS WHO HAVE BEGUN EXITING THE GREAT HALL..
EVIDENTLY THEIR MEETING IS AT AN END.
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE CAVERNOUS ROOM IS EMPTY, HYSTERICAL SHOUTS AND LAUGHTER VANISHING ALONG THE ANCIENT CORRIDORS...
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE GLOW OF THEIR TORCHES IS ALL THAT REMAINS..
...IN A FEW MOMENTS, NOT EVEN THAT REMAINS...


CEREBUS DESCENDED THE NOW-DARKENED STAIRWAY....
IT LOOMED IN THE HALF-LIGHT...
HIS FOOTSTEPS, LIGHT THOUGH THEY ARE, ECHO IN THE TOMB-LIKE HALL....
THE STONE IS EVEN SOFTER THAN IT HAD APPEARED FROM A DISTANCE. CLAY PERHAPS?
A GOD OF CLAY -- CEREBUS SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST...
THERE WAS NO FATHOMING THE HUMAN MIND -- NO WAY TO UNDERSTAND HOW THESE CREATURES THINK...
HE STANDS BEFORE THE IDOL, IT SEEMS DIMINISHED AT CLOSE QUARTERS -- A DECORATION, PERHAPS...
...BUT A GOD?
TARIM, AGHTOTH, THESE WERE GODS.... THEY BROUGHT WAR, PAIN, THEY KILLED WITHOUT REASON OR APOLOGY...

HE COULD PORTRAY THE REDEEMER! HE COULD LEAD THE PIGS FORTH ....
HE HAD SEEN ARMIES DRIVEN BY RELIGIOUS ZEAL....
WITH TWO DOZEN OF THOSE HAND-CRAFTED WEAPONS ...
WE COULD LAY WASTE TO THE PRIMITIVE LANDS EAST OF THE FELD...
THERE WOULD BE MORE LOOT THAN A KING COULD IMAGINE
HE HAD ONLY TO ACKNOWLEDGE A KINSHIP TO THE PIGT GOD. THERE WOULD BE GOLD AND GEMS BY THE TON...
MAYHAP THERE IS A KINSHIP! MAYHAP CEREBUS IS JUST ONE OF THE PIGT RACE ...MAYHAP HE IS ONLY ONE OF... ONLY A...
NO.
FOR A THOUSAND YEARS THE PIG HAS BEEN TENDED, EACH LEADER FORBIDDING EVEN THE MOST CASUAL TOUCH--ALL FOR BUT ONE REASON:
THE PIG IS COMPOSED OF THE FLIMSIEST MATERIAL--MATERIAL THAT IS NO MATCH FOR THE PUNCHES OF AN ENRAGED EARTH-PIG!

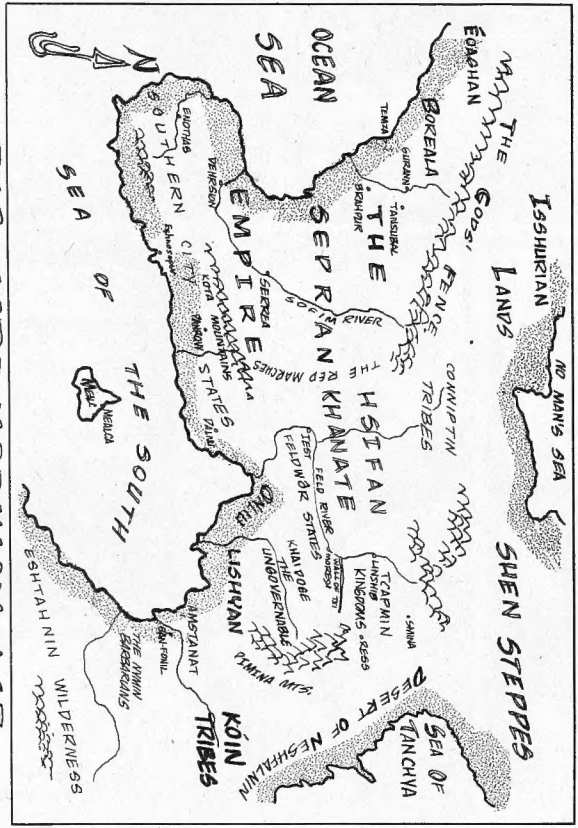
CEREBUS WILL NOT BE A PIG!. HE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE NO KINSHIP WITH THE SOFT GREY TRAVESTY BEFORE HIM...
CEREBUS IS UNIQUE--HE IS THE EARTH-PIG BORN! HE IS NO REDEEMER OF A MAD RACE THAT WORSHIPS CLAY DEITIES!
HE IS CEREBUS.. THE AARDVARK...
HE IS CEREBUS... THE EARTH-PIG....
HE IS CEREBUS... THE VICTOR...

CEREBUS LIFTS HIMSELF FROM THE RUBBLE... THERE IS NO SOUND FROM THE CORRIDORS BEYOND...
HIS ABSENCE WILL BE NOTICED IN A VERY FEW MINUTES...
...HE HURRIES TOWARD A FAR EXIT...
HE HAS SEEN ENOUGH OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM... TO KNOW THAT THE PIGTS WILL NOT BE UNDERSTANDING ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF A CENTURIES-OLD GOD KING...
EXITS, AS HE WAS TOLD, PROLIFERATE IN THE LINGER-GEOLINT CHAMBERS
THE RAINS HAVE STOPPED...
HE EMERGES INTO THE DAWN AND FACES EAST
IEST IS A DAY'S MARCH AWAY AND THE EARTH-PIG FEELS, ONCE MORE, DRAWN TO THE BUSTLE AND CLAMOUR OF THE CITY...

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
January 27, 1989

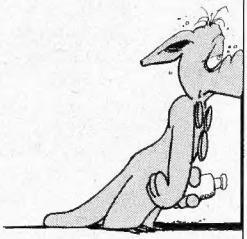
Map
of the
Aardvarkian Age

The map of Cerebus' world was designed by Michael Loubert (Deni's brother) who created all the place names as well. It appeared in Cerebus No. 3 through No. 10.



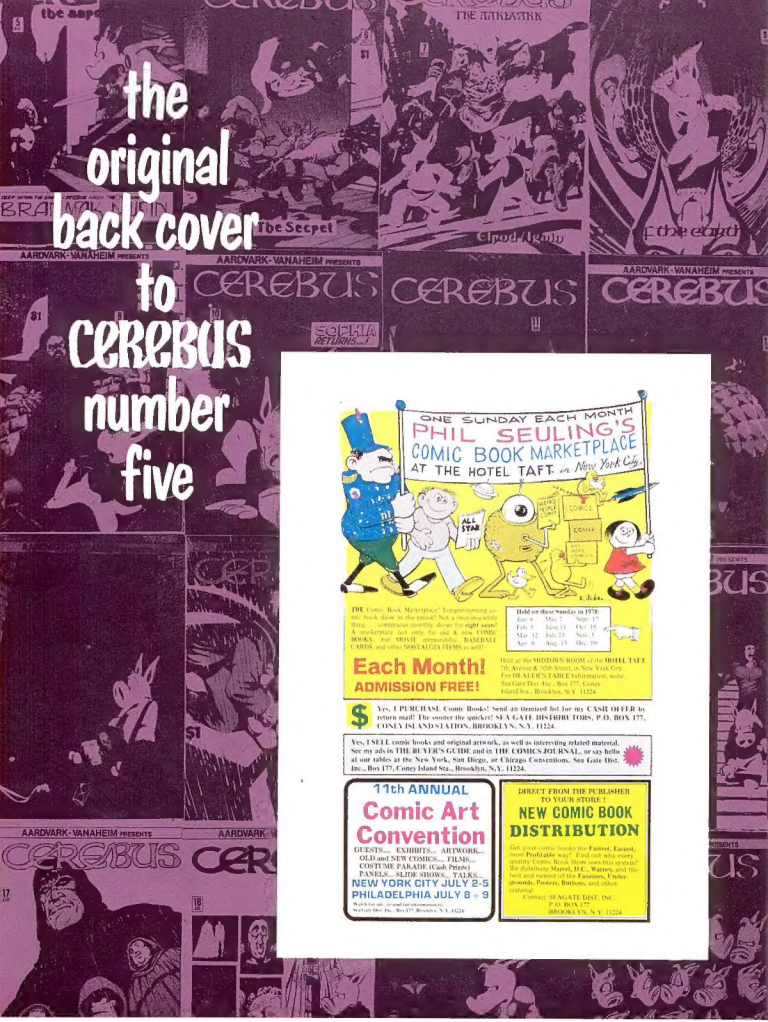
DESIGNED BY MICHAEL LOUBERT

This preview page appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 5



DRUNK AGAIN.

the original back cover to CEREBUS number five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